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THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH.

O, heard ye the cry that arose on the blast,
And fearfully echoed along as it passed ?
'Twas the cry of the warrior o'erwhelmed in the wave,
As the billow rolled wild o'er the car of the brave.

The Egyptian was there with the host of his pride,
But now they are sunk 'neath the dark rolling tide ;
For Jehovah looked forth from his pillar of cloud,
And the foam of the surf was the fringe of their shroud.

The Egyptian was there, but the rod of his strength,
That long ruled the nations, is broken at length ;
The oppressor is sunk 'neath the wave of the sea.
And the sons of the long stricken bondsmen are free.

Thus perished the might of the treacherous foe,
It hath melted away like the Lebanon snow ;
For the Lord with the breath of his anger has blown,
And the chariot and rider are both overthrown.

And still in that bay there are heard on the gale,
The sounds of unearthly lamenting and wail ;
And the spirits of those who were lost in that tide,
Still mourn o'er the fall of their glory and pride.

STORIES OF A SURGEON—No. 1.

“ And thus death laughs—it is sad merriment.”—BYRON.

Some three or four years since, a friend of mine, whom I shall call Ormsby, removed from his chambers in the University, and entered himself as a resident medical student in Stevens's Hospital, Dublin. He was a very young man at that time, an orphan, and he knew that he should have to trust his own abilities and exertions alone, to win an honourable name in the profession, of which he was an enthusiastic member. He was of a thoughtful and profound temper, tinged with a shade of melancholy poesy ; it was his delight, like Manfred, to essay

“ Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,”

and to seek for that secret analogy which exists between the immaterial spirit and its fleshly encasement ; and the returning midnight still found him in his solitary apartment, bending over the folios of Albinus and Haller, or patiently investigating the drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci. His principal reason for residing in the hospital, was to avail himself of the facility with which immediate *post mortem* examinations could be obtained ; as he was then engaged in preparing a treatise in which he advanced an original theory, which, if he could succeed in elucidating, (as he confidently expected) would have proved a new era in the literature of medicine.

The day on which the incident I am going to relate occurred, a brother student had dined with him in his rooms, and the cloth had only been removed, when a porter entered, and told Ormsby in a whisper, that the patient in the fever ward had just died. “ Very well, bring him to the dead-room. Drury, you will wait, I'll show you a beautiful operation.”

“ No, I thank you, I have got quite enough of the work to-day ; I have attended demonstration—chemical lecture—remained six hours